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About dusk they leave the rock, and consequently must spend the night at sea.

The only bird seen or heard in the night time is the shearwater and the stormy petrel.

The noise the coulteneb or puffin makes, is a most dismal moan, something like that of a human being, but in a more sorrowful strain. They take their departure about August, and whither they go to, I know not; very probably they disperse throughout the expansive ocean.

THE STORMY PETREL—PROCELLARIA PELAGICA  
COMMONLY CALLED MOTHER CARRY'S CHICKEN.

SIR—As I never heard there was any distinction between the male and female stormy petrel, I would wish to make known through your Journal, the following fact. As I have taken the pair frequently, I can vouch for its authenticity.

This is the smallest of all web-footed birds. The female is in length six inches and a half, and in breadth fourteen and a quarter. The male is smaller, being in length six inches and a quarter, and in breadth thirteen three quarters. The former may be known from the latter by not having so much white under the wings, and by having a small oval bare spot near the vent. In the other parts of the body there is no material difference. The bill half an inch long, black, and hooked at the tip. Inside of the mouth flesh colour. Nostrils tabular and soft. The feathers on the forehead being longer than those on the rest of the head, cause it to appear very high. The eyes small and black. Upper parts of the plumage black. The forehead, breast, and belly of a sooty black. Under the wings a little whitish. The tail feathers are twelve in number, and black, and the bases of them all, except the two centre ones, white; in length two inches and a quarter. The wings very large, and cross over the tail. Legs, black, slender, an inch and three quarters from the knee to the end of the middle toe: three toes, black nails.

The stormy petrel is met with in all parts of the dreary trackless ocean, thousands of miles from any land. It flies with great ease and swiftness. Most probably it never eats fish, but skims oil from off the surface of the water, and upon this subsists. When taken, the petrel ejects from the mouth about a spoonful of clear oil. I kept some of it, which became quite thick. Oil may sometimes be perceived on the surface of the sea, so that what I state respecting their means of subsistence is not at all improbable. It is a most unctuous bird, being entirely fat, and has a most disagreeable smell. Those birds being seen hovering near a ship at sea, the mariner's are almost confident of a coming storm. Instead of cursing as they do when they perceive them, they should be thankful to Providence for sending messengers to forewarn them of their danger. All through the year, in the day time, they are seen at sea, and for three or four months (in the breeding season) they take to the headlands, rocks, and islands, where they are only seen in the night time. In holes in the ground, under rocks, and in old walls, the single, small white egg is deposited. In the evening and night, they cry in the same strain as the shearwater, but not so strong, and much sharper.

You will be glad to hear your Journal has made its way into this remote part of Ireland.

Your obedient servant,

Cape Cl. ar.

A SUBSCRIBER.

PROGRESS OF A POUND OF COTTON.

The following account of one pound weight of manufactured cotton, will shew the importance of the trade to the country in a very conspicuous manner. There was sent off for London from Glasgow, a small piece of muslin about one pound weight, the history of which is as follows:—

The wool came from the East Indies to London: from London it went to Lancashire, where it was manufactured into yarn; from Manchester it was sent to Paisley, where it was woven: it was sent to Ayrshire next, where it was tamboured; afterwards it was conveyed to Dunbar-

ton, where it was hand-sewed, and again returned to Paisley, when it was sent to a distant part of the country to Renfrew, to be bleached, and was returned to Paisley; whence it was sent to Glasgow, and was finished; and from Glasgow it was sent per coach to London. It is difficult precisely to ascertain the time taken to bring this article to market; but it may be pretty near the truth, to reckon it three years from the time it was packed in India till in cloth it arrived at the merchant's warehouse in London; whither it must have been conveyed five thousand miles by sea, and nine hundred and twenty by land, and contributed to reward no less than one hundred and fifty people, whose services were necessary in the carriage and manufacture of this small quantity of cotton, and by which the value has been advanced two thousand per cent. What is said of this one piece is descriptive of no inconsiderable part of the trade.

STEAM-ENGINES.

The number of steam-engines at present in action in England may be estimated at ten thousand; and one with another, each may be said, to be equal in power to twenty horses, each horse being equal to the work of six men; consequently, the acting powers of those steam-engines are equal in effect to two hundred thousand horses, or one million two hundred thousand men.

THE WILD, WILD BREEZE.

Oh, there's nothing on earth like the wild, wild breeze.  
Replete with the odour of cinnamon trees,  
Sweeping along in its glorious career,  
Kissing from flow'rets the dew-drops bright tear;  
In the silver cells  
Of the lily's bells,  
Sighing like lover in maiden's ear.

Oh, there's nothing on earth like the wild, wild breeze,  
Rushing in might o'er the slumbering seas;  
Dashing its billows like mountains on high;  
Laughing to scorn the rower's last cry,  
While the shallow wind  
Of the ocean child,  
On wings of destruction doth madly fly.

Oh, there's nothing on earth like the wild, wild breeze,  
Raging with fury, man cannot appease;  
Sweeping proud ships 'gainst the rocks on their lee;  
Woe, woe to the merchant whose wealth's on the sea  
Then the pale bride may weep  
Her adored one's last sleep,  
And deepest of woes, pallid being, to thee.

Oh, there's nothing on earth like the wild, wild breeze,  
Hymning at eve, like the singing of bees,  
A low fairy chant to the beautiful rose,  
Whose cheek wears the tint of faint crimson that glows  
Like the blush of a bride,  
Ere the day-light has died,  
When the sun in his majesty sinks to repose.

Oh, there's nothing on earth like the wild, wild breeze,  
Urging with gentleness, beauty, and ease,  
The bright, bright clouds o'er the vault of blue,  
So boundless in expanse—so beauteous in hue,  
Or sighing like grief  
O'er each gossamer leaf,  
That droops 'neath its bright gems of liquid dew.

OSCAR.

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 3, Cecilia Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.

Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Panver-alley, Paternoster-row; in Liverpool, by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Ambery; in Birmingham, by Drake; in Nottingham, by Wright; in Edinburgh, by R. Grant and Son; in Glasgow, by J. Niven, Junr.